

# the Phantom Potion

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*Hermione's dying, and Harry may have to join forces with Proffesor Snape to save her. I'm not the best with summary's so could you just give it a chance.*

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**Chapter 2 - The Tears**

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## 2 - The Tears

The Phantom Potion chapter 2

Harry was unsure if Snape was telling the truth. Why would he choose now to try and help Harry? It all was happening too fast. "Why do you want to help me?"

"Potter, you selfish little brat, Snape's rudeness had returned. I'm not just helping you, I'm helping Dumbledore too. If the Ministry of Magic ever found out that there were silver snakes in the forbidden forest, the school would be shut down!"

"Oh," Harry replied. He thought the whole thing was phony. He didn't trust Snape. Not now, not ever. He had no other choices, he was going to have to trust Snape and enter Hermione's mind. Harry nodded, and Snape flashed a quick smile, but took it away just as fast as it came. He led Harry over to his potions cabinet and gave him a giant ancient book which seemed to weigh a ton.

"Look in the index and find the phantom potion," Said Snape. It took Harry forever to find it. Finally he turned to the correct page and read off the ingredients while Snape removed them from the cabinet. There were over 25 different ingredients. The last ingredient was very peculiar, a tear from the victim of the snake. The potion took a week to brew and Harry wasn't sure that he could wait that long to help Hermione.

Snape told him to run up to the infirmary, and collect a tear from Hermione's dry eyes.

Harry raced out of the wooden doors as fast as he could. He heard

Snape call after him, DONT GET COUGHT!

Harry could see madam Pomfrey nursing a 1st year Hufflepuff whose head was at least 5 times bigger than usual. Harry went up behind madam

Pomfrey, and muttered a spell. "Petrificus Totalus! Instantly she froze in her place.

Harry crept over to Hermione and looked at the horror of her expression. He pointed his wand at her cold eyelids and said "extracto". Slowly Hermione's tear ducts began to work over time, and tears passed thru the air into a tiny bottle that Harry had conjured earlier.

Harry ran out of the infirmary, but before he left he lifted the spell from madam Pomfrey.

Down in the dungeons Harry found Snape already mixing the ingredients to the potion over a small fire.

Do you have the tears? Snape asked in a snide voice. 'Yes, I have them' replied Harry halfheartedly. Still hurt from seeing Hermione's poor condition.

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The next day Harry woke up to find Hermione awake and full of life. She ran up to Harry and kissed him on the cheek. Harry looked her in the eye and began kissing her. It was a deep fulfilling kiss that told Harry that everything was okay, and that he had finally awoken from that horrible dream. But suddenly he heard someone screaming his name.

It was Ron, Harry had been dreaming the whole time. 'What were you dreaming about? I've been calling your name for ten minutes.

'What. Huh. Oh, nothing' Harry lied. He didn't want Ron to know his hidden feelings for Hermione. Half of him wanted to rescue her because she was one of his closest friends, the other half wanted to rescue her because of the love he had for her.

The rest of the week slowly passed as Harry's wait for the Phantom Potion to finish brewing came to an end. Finally the Friday morning sun crept into view. Harry was eager to get out of his classes today.

Tonight he would rescue Hermione from her clairvoyant prison.

After dinner, Harry raced from the great hall down to Snape's dungeon. Harry entered the dungeon without the slightest knock. Is it ready? Harry asked.

Of course it's ready! Snape replied in a nasty voice. Harry silently rejoiced as he prepared for Hermione's rescue. Snape told Harry the instructions for using the Phantom Potion. He was to drink the potion, and touch heads with her. Harry nodded and ran to the door. Before he left, he said something he rarely said to Snape, Thanks.

No, he said, *thank you* smiling deviously. Harry found himself in the infirmary. Madam Pomfrey had already gone to sleep. Harry crept across the white tiled floor to Hermione's bed. He drank the entire potion, and touched his head with Hermione's. Harry felt a warm sensation through his whole body. He was evaporating into the air. Harry was now a shapeless mist, floating in the air. Then he swooped down under Hermione's eye lids. Harry was inside of Hermione's mind at last. He felt the surge of power inside her brain, but he also felt the loneliness that she was feeling.

Hermione, Harry screamed. He could hear his voice echo for a very long while until he heard the familiar voice of his friend.

Harry, she said, is it really you?

Yes, Harry replied as a tear was forming in his eye. Harry could see Hermione in all of her wonderful beauty. They hugged; *it was for real this time*, Harry thought to himself. I'm so glad you're here, but how exactly did you get here? Hermione asked. Harry told Hermione the story of how Snape helped him, but he left out his dreams and feelings. When he was thru, Hermione had a perplexing look on her face.

What's the matter? Harry asked her?

How exactly do you plan for us to get out of here? Hermione asked. Harry was speechless. He silently beat himself up for not asking Snape for the directions to get out of Hermione's brain; he was just so wrapped up in rescuing her he forgot that he needed a way to get out.